



DRESSMAKER'S BILL

Discovery of One Made Out in the Year 2800 B. C.

It Looks Like a Chinese Puzzle, But Was Bred by Chaldean Husband—Costly Boxes Were by the Priests of Antiquity.

Egypt has been called "the land of surprises." Year after year the explorer in the Nile land bring to light some new and startling examples of art, revealing to us the astonishing character of the early civilization of the Egyptians. Egypt has now a rival in the sister civilization of ancient Chaldea. Although in art Chaldea is far behind the land of the Nile, especially in the art of painting, the restoration of the early civilization and the perfect picture which we can form of the life and manners and customs of the people are almost as complete as those which we can restore of Egypt.

The New York Woman's Suffrage League Conducting an Active Campaign.

Encouraged by the result of the last state election in Colorado, when the proposition to grant the ballot to women was carried by a handsome majority, the woman suffragists of New York have entered upon a vigorous campaign with the object of convincing the delegates to the approaching constitutional convention that equal

suffrage for both sexes is the one thing needed to the moral and material prosperity of the Empire State. The campaign is conducted under the auspices of the Woman's Suffrage League, of which the veteran Lillian Devereux Blahs is president. The practical direction of the work, however, is conducted by Mrs. Harriette A. Keyser, who bears the title of "organizer" and has charge of the headquarters in New York city.

In addition to sending out floods of letters and making personal appeals to the men elected as delegates to the convention, popular meetings are held in the various assembly districts, where eloquent women endeavor to educate public opinion on the subject. In the natural course of events these conventions pass resolutions calling on the delegates from the district to use their influence to speak out from the constitution the word "males" as a qualification for voters.

Mrs. Keyser says the labor unions are with them and that "nearly all working women know that the right of suffrage will greatly improve their condition. They know that it will give them equal pay with men for equal work. Knowing that how many women who work for a living do other than desire equal suffrage? Then most liberal, progressive men want women to have the suffrage if they wish it."

"Some conservatives" people say to me, "but only the lowest class of women will vote!" I answer, "Does the history so far of states where women do vote bear out any such assumption as that?" No. It is in every instance the better class who vote, and the enfranchisement of women has had an elevating, purifying effect. I believe that most men hold this opinion. It is from the women that I hear the other argument mostly."

It is a case of "now or never" with the New York Woman's Suffrage League, for if this constitutional convention fails to consider the matter favorably it will be a long time before the leashed amendment can be submitted to the people.

What She Said.

Clara—Oh, I am so glad to see you! I have some news.

Maud—What can it be?

Clara (blushing)—Can't—you—guess?

Maud (enthusiastically)—Oh, I know. It's a proposal.

Clara—Yes. But you don't know who it's from.

Maud—Let me see. Why, it must be from—

Clara—Charley Haskin.

Maud (finding her surprised)—Oh, yes, of course. What did he say, dear?

Clara—Oh, he was so nice! He began by declaring that he had always thought of me.

Maud—Oh, yes. Ever since he met you that time at the seashore.

Clara—Exactly. And then—

Maud—Then he was sitting in the chair wasn't he? He moved over to the sofa, and took your hand in both of his, and told you how he had gradually learned to love you, and remarked incidentally that he thought that kind of love was the most lasting.

Clara—Why, so he did!

Maud—Then he was silent for a time, and finally said you must excuse him, but he was so overcome by his emotions. Then his arm slipped around your waist, and he said you were the only girl in the world he had ever cared for in his whole life, adding that he could not live without you. No, no; that would be impossible. And would you not say just the one little word that would make him, oh, so happy?

Clara—Well, I didn't say how you knew, but it was something like that.

Maud—And what was your answer?

Clara (beaming)—Why, dear, what would you have said?

Maud—I said, "No."—Harper's Bazaar.

The Everlasting Topic.

These cold snaps just take the life out of me, and the withered vine as it clings closer to the veranda post and shivers violently.

I feel pretty well run down myself," replied the matron in the thermometer.

"This weather invades me all up," added the water pipe.—Detroit News-Tribune.

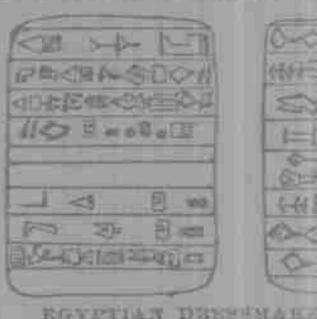
Postponed.

"Preacher made a big mistake Sunday night. Didn't get a good collection."

"Now, I'm going to go to the church."

"Well, he appointed a bill collector to go round with the plate, and blessed it every man in the congregation didn't ask him to call again on the 15th"—Atlanta Constitution.

Try the Topeka Steam Laundry.



in the pyramid age. The startling feature of the discoveries resulting from the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions has been the numerous details of popular life which are accessible to us. The little clay tablets not only contain the record of kings and princes, but even of the poorest of the people, slaves and beggars. In so great a literary land as Chaldea every transaction, no matter how small, was recorded in writing, and thus we have many details of transactions which would otherwise have been forever lost. Among the documents which have been discovered is a tablet which may be well called "the oldest dressmaker's bill in the world." It was the custom of the Babylonian king to present to the temples sets of robes for the use of the priests and priestesses. This was usually done every year, and we have many of these lists in the British museum. The oldest list known is that of a king about 1200 B. C. There are several of later period, but the document before us is far older than any you found.

The tablet, which is of limestone, was discovered in the ruins of the temple in the city of Nippur in southern Chaldea. This temple was dedicated to the ghost god and had a very large priesthood attached to it. From the style of writing which is extremely archaic, and from the cuneiform system of numerals employed, the tablet cannot be of later date than 2200 B. C. It contains a list of ninety-two vestments which were presented to the temple by the king. The name of the king is unfortunately not given. The end of the tablet reads "In all ninety-two pairs vestments, the bill (list) of the temple for the priests this year." Many of the words are unknown to us, as they are, no doubt, many of them technical terms employed by the mystics of the period. Some of the robes, however, are of particular interest—those that can be satisfactorily deciphered. Among the names are: "Twelve white robes of the temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, ten pure gold collars, two wide robes." One item of especial interest occurs near the end:

"Four seemed robes. This reminds us of the passage in Psalm 45, speaking of the robes redolent of myrrh and aloes and cassia." It was, no doubt, the custom in Babylon to perfume the robes, as it is to this day in Persia and India. Another item is also illustrative of eastern life: "Two winders" probably refers next to binding round the waist. This document has likewise an additional value in showing us the great development which had taken place in the textile arts in Chaldea even at this early period. The decorations on the statues of Gudea (B. C. 2200), the embroidered fringes, show that the skill of the weaver and the embroiderer was far advanced, and it is curious feature to notice that nearly all the attempts at decorative work in early Chaldea are in patterns which are derived from textile designs.

Paper for Bedrooms.

Dainty bedroom papers are much in demand, and wonderfully beautified some of them are. The one fault in some of them is lack of character and a somewhat faded ensemble, but even that has been obviated by a clever device. In the frame of a recent article the walls of the guest room are papered with a design of pale pink upon a creamy, white ground, and the defect of too pale pink is entirely overcome by bordering of olive caricature paper. Each of the four walls has become a panel, and the plain tint runs around all sides, so that the sweet, tender panels are a whole gains the dignity that is desired.

Paper for Nervous Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved, and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way and, while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck. Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Lady Shopper—What? You ask \$3 a yard for this cloth? Why, I can get it at Drygood's for \$2.

To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served, beat the blade of the bread knife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot stove.

No better aid to digestion.

To cut fresh bread so that it may be presentable when served, beat the blade of the bread knife by laying first one side and then the other across the hot stove.

Our kitchen being on floor above dining room you get no unpleasant odor from same, at Whittier & Co.

The Shopper's Weakness.

Lady Shopper—What? You ask \$3 a yard for this cloth? Why, I can get it at Drygood's for \$2.

Check—Yes, madam. But we're offering this on our bargain counter.

Lady Shopper (taking out her purse)—Oh! Let me have 10 yards, please.—Chicago Record.



HON. EDWIN F. UHL, OF MICHIGAN.

Recently appointed Assistant Secretary of State of the United States.



IT FAILED.

The Colored Man Didn't Know and Gave Him Away.

There is an assistant messenger in one of the auditor's offices who is sensitive about carrying up the coal and building the fires. He is a college man and came to Washington expecting a good clerkship at least, but little money gave out, and he was obliged to take the first thing offered. Last week he received a letter from his home secret society saying that several of its members would be in Washington on Saturday and would call on him at the office. It happened that the auditor was absent when Saturday came, and his room was vacant for the day. The assistant messenger's friends thought it would be a good thing to play it on the visitors. Mr. Smith therefore took his seat in the auditor's chair, lit a cigar and put his feet on the desk. After a little the delegation from the home town arrived. A man received them at the door. They asked for Mr. Smith and were requested to send in their cards.

Show the gentlemen in," Mr. Smith said.

He was reading a public document when they filed through the door. He greeted them with cordiality, but with a dignified reserve that they did not recognize. A man with a tablet and pencil came in then from an inner room.

"Will you dictate on your report now, sir?"

"I believe Mr. Jones, I have told you several times never to interrupt me when I am engaged."

The friends exchanged stories about home matters. Another clerk came.

"The papers in relation to that special appropriation."

Mr. Smith signed them. Another came in.

"Are these accounts all right now, sir?"

"Take them to the secretary and tell him to sign them," Mr. Smith directed.

The home people were deeply impressed. They congratulated Mr. Smith on his successful embarkation upon an official career.

"Yes, yes. Not as much as I hoped for, but very well, very fair for a beginning," Mr. Smith responded. He passed around the auditor's good cigars.

But Mr. Smith's partner, the other assistant messenger, a colored man, was not in the joke. He intruded harshly at this point.

"Look here, Smith, do you want another load of coal? I've got to last, and I don't git dis un"—Capital.

A Knockdown Argument.

While Dr. Thomas of Sag Harbor was sitting on the front porch of his new cottage at Naval Beach one day last summer a man came along with a newspaper, and addressing the doctor said:

"Is your piano out of tune?"

"No, I don't think it is," said Dr. Thomas.

"Aren't you sure about it?"

"Well, pretty sure."

"How long since it has been tuned?"

"It has never been."

"Then, of course, it ought to be tuned at once. You'll ruin it if you don't have it attended to."

"I don't believe I will."

"Oh, yes, you will, though. Nothing's worse for a piano than standing un-

tuned."

"Do you think you can tune it?"

"Certainly."

"I don't believe you can," said the doctor.

"I'd like to know why not. I never saw a piano yet I couldn't tune."

"There's one mighty good reason why you can't in this case."

"I'd like to know what it is."

"You want me to tell you, do you?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's because I haven't got any hands."

Then the man put his carpetbag under his arm, wiped his nose thoughtfully and left for Southampton.—New York Mercury.

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Lady Shopper (taking out her purse)—Oh! Let me have 10 yards, please.—Chicago Record.

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